

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*He who dares assert the I  
May calmly wait  
While hurrying fate  
Meets his demands with sure supply.—HELEN WILMANS.*

*I am owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspear's strain.—EMERSON.*

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## THE EVOLUTION OF THE FUTURE.

BY GEORGE N. CAREY, M. D.

The hour has struck for a new dispensation for man. It is the voice of a standing prophecy proclaimed with trumpet tongues. We of this present time have seen the end of the world. The old has been gathered up like a scroll, and our eyes are slowly being accustomed to the divine light of the splendid dawn; yet we only see the truth "through a glass darkly," because we so long dwelt in the darkness or the environments caused by our ignorant thoughts, for, "as a man thinketh so is he."

How can we determine, from a scientific basis, that there is to be a new heaven and a new earth? It is a self-evident fact that the earth is here, that it exists, and it matters not if we assume that it always existed, or that it was created by God, or is simply a manifestation of creative power, or that it was thrown from the sun as fiery vapor aeons ago. But, as we must have a starting point, and as that point will not change facts as we find them to-day, I will take the position of Professor Winchell in his "Sketches of Creation." [For publishing his views Professor Winchell was deprived of his chair of Science in the university at Ann Arbor, Mich., but public pressure was so great he was reinstated.]

According to Winchell's theory the earth was once a component part of the sun, and was thrown off from that body as a ring, and hurled far into space—about 100,000,000 miles—and that this ring of sun substance contained the germs, or seeds, power and potency of all life on our planet; through unnumbered ages it passed through a cooling process, condensing first on the outer edge, forming a crust, and slowly pressing and settling inward, growing smaller and smaller as the crust grew thicker, until it assumed its present size, shape and condition. When the earth cooled sufficiently, vegetable life appeared, but how and by what process?

It has been the commonly accepted idea that vegetation is sustained by the soil and that it absorbs from the soil the nutrition which produces growth. This is so to a very limited extent only. The larger portion of the nourishment and vitality necessary to the full development of the plant is received from the atmosphere.

Now let us commence at the period of the earth's history when vegetable life first appeared. At that period the ocean of atmosphere surrounding the earth was many miles deeper than at the present time, according to the best evidence obtainable. The lowest strata, or air nearest the earth was very heavy, or contained

much more organic matter to the square inch than is contained in the air we now breathe. Of course modern man could not live in such conditions, but at that time monsters existed both in the vegetable and animal world. Ferns one hundred feet in diameter and a thousand feet in height, and animals so large that—in comparison—an elephant would seem a dwarfed specimen of the animal kingdom.

Geology proves that these enormous growths were absorbed by the earth never to re-appear, and now science has demonstrated that the atmosphere on which this life fed has been absorbed by the earth too, and that this theory accounts for the growth of the earth. Now here I wish to make the matter so clear that all will understand how the earth grows, and why fossil remains are found many feet below the surface.

I am fully convinced that the atmosphere is the universe in solution; that all we see or feel or taste, is a certain condensation of air, whether it be granite, soil, wood, metal, diamond, food, water or straw. Just in the degree or proportion in which the air becomes solidified or condensed, do certain so-called substances appear. The more refined the atmosphere, the more delicate and refined the object projected; hence the intellectual development of man through evolution. For the more highly potentized air is drawn nearer and nearer the earth as room is being made for it by the absorption of the coarse lower strata. Up to this point it is not likely that any one will question the scientific basis upon which I have proceeded.

I shall now pass out of the realm of so-called scientific data, or the concrete, and enter the field of the imagination, or the abstract, or prophecy, as recorded in the Bible, and that other domain of inspiration in which many of us at least, live a portion of our time. By some it is called imagination—from image or seeing images of. The only difference between the imagination of those of the present age and the inspiration of those of two thousand, five thousand, or six thousand years ago, is a difference in name.

Let me carry you upward in the spirit, above the line of atmosphere in which the man of yesterday could live, and let you see the new Jerusalem that John saw being let down out of the heaven. We will name it the celestial regions, or heaven, for those who have been educated along religious lines; and truth, or good, or the electric world, for those of the materialistic or scientific schools.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth." First, let me call your attention to the new heaven. We cannot very well discuss a question without a correct un-

derstanding of the meaning of the words used to express the subject. The word heaven is used for two conditions only. First, the air, or regions above us; second, a condition of happiness. In support of my first assertion, I will call your attention to the following passage of scripture: "The heavens declare the glory of God," and again, "The birds of the heavens rested in the branches." In support of the second, the following from Christ's answer to his followers when they inquired of him where heaven was located. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," was his answer.

The purpling mountain tops already begin to reflect the celestial light from this heaven above which is to take the place of the air we now breathe. Day by day it draws nearer as the earth absorbs the coarser in which we have lived and struggled. Day by day we breathe more and more from that new heaven of the celestial, or the electric, or truth, or love, and day by day the heaven within is being made manifest, or recognized.

"See the march of human science, feel the pulse of daily strife; For this golden second coming stirs the depths of human life."

The people are speaking with new tongues and singing the new song according to the promise: "And I will put a new song in his mouth." The poets and writers of the day have been touched with the holy flame of the descending new heaven as were the apostles, when cloven tongues of fire from this same source came down and rested upon them. The common people, like those who heard Christ gladly, are everywhere talking of a better way to live, of co-operation, and the brotherhood of man, instead of competition and hatred for each other. The altruistic spirit is permeating the brains and hearts of men and women as it never has before. The pages of leading magazines glow with truths from the celestial or spiritual realm above, and all nature seems to be in travail to give birth to the divine order; but I have only spoken of the new heaven. How about the new earth?

Tesla, the wizard of electricity of Austria, and our own Edison are the prophets of the electric age, which is but another name for the millennium. The researches of Tesla are marvelous. He has invented a machine by which electrostatic waves can be produced. In what is called an alternating current the vibrations number from one hundred to two hundred a second. Tesla's machine produced a current having twenty thousand alternations a second. Can the human intellect grasp the meaning of this? The phase of force thus produced is so subtle as to evade matter. It does not effect the nerves because the nerves are unable, so to speak, to comprehend what is taking place. When Tesla had invented this apparatus, and began to experiment with it, the magician himself was awed. He seemed to stand on the verge of something too miraculous, too awful for human contemplation. Was he trenching on the domain of the gods? So it must have seemed to him. But although this phase of force is too subtle for our nerves to comprehend or feel to-day, it must be remembered that the organic structure of man is fast undergoing a change in quality; and as the conscience is becoming quickened, a brain is day by day being developed that takes cognizance of the impressions and principles that were once a sealed book to the race.

Herbert Spencer, in his "Principles of Biology," clearly proves that no two atoms, molecules or particles of matter, really touch each other, and that the laws of cohesion and repulsion are so nicely adjusted that a proper equilibrium of space is always maintained. Of course the nearer particles come into actual contact, the more condensed or solidified the substance thus formed. Steel comes nearer being a solid substance than granite. The organic particles that go to make up the human organism, nerves, muscles, and other tissue, are separated by space so small that the electric fluid now used cannot pass between them without causing friction, and a certain quantity of this fluid so crowds or compresses the particles and thus disturbs the molecular action of life's process to that extent that death is produced. But the higher and more refined electricity, or subtle force, set free by Tesla's researches finds its way between the molecules without friction; consequently without sensation.

With this new physiological development will come the power of the nervous organization to sense this subtle phase of force, which is the John the Baptist, or forerunner of the power that is making all things new; the power that the prophets felt and that Jesus recognized when he said, "The things I do ye shall do, and greater things shall ye do." Oh, that the world had faith even as a grain of mustard seed!

Edison is quoted as saying that the electric force is unlimited and that it cannot be taken from or added to. As water is water after it has turned the wheel that runs or sets the machinery in motion, and as a current of air is not changed or consumed by turning the wind-mill, so electricity may be used over and over eternally; and when the people fully awake to this stupendous fact the earth will be lighted by this mighty force. Huge arc lights will illuminate the country as well as the city, and indeed it is no great stretch of the imagination to see, when the people take charge of all natural resources, how the climate may be changed, and under the operation of this light and heat from the descending new heaven, the fruits and flowers and vegetables of the tropics be produced all over the earth and at all seasons.

It is known by all electricians that under the operation of electricity, vegetables, grains, fruits and flowers may be produced in a few days, so may we not reasonably expect wonderful changes when the earth has absorbed the grosser atmosphere and thus made room for the finer, more spiritual, or electric, to rest upon the earth, and when the earth becomes charged and vivified with this new life may we not expect a new earth? Then the problem of subsistence will be solved. "Then a man living a thousand years will be reckoned as a babe."

The glorious time comes on apace. It may come in the shock and tempest of battle and of revolution. It may come in the rocking of an earthquake and in epidemics. It may come in an

"Utterance that shall sweep like the red-hot lipped simoon And wither the damning things that keep this beautiful world in gloom;"

or a great light may shine about the children of men as it did about Saul of Tarsus, and enabled them to see the truth, and no longer look through a glass darkly

and they may be changed in the "twinkling of an eye."

Oh, wonderful phrophts! Under new scientific light we read your words with enlarged meaning. We now see that what has been called sin, or wickedness, is only ignorance, and should have been so translated from the original Greek and Hebrew, that neither God's love justice or mercy need longer be impugned. "I will burn up ignorance with unquenchable truth." Witness the conversion of Paul. Paul was not destroyed, but the ignorance in him, lack of truth, was utterly consumed, i. e., supplied with truth. Christ on the cross said, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do;" thus proving they, his enemies, were ignorant.

God cannot destroy or annihilate anything, for it would be contrary to law to do so. Chemistry is a law of God, and fully demonstrates that nothing can be destroyed; but one substance may be changed to another of quite different attributes or character. So ignorant beings will be changed to intelligent, however long the time required or however severe the ordeal through which they may pass.

"Watch! for ye know not the day or the hour when the Son of Man cometh;" for when the new descends until it touches the earth, may we not expect Christ and all the holy angels to be with us? Will not this earth then be a fit abode for all who have gone before? Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters will again be united and realize that the resurrection is no longer a prophecy. Day by day we see and feel the change.

This unnamed inspiration, this angel out of heaven whom John saw lighting the earth with his glory, will restore the people's sight and heal their infirmities. It will proclaim the truth that universal brotherhood and co-operation is not paternalism, and show the now blind leaders of the blind that the worst form of paternalism is where legislators, congressmen, cabinets and presidents claim and exercise power, whereas they should only be clerks and servants of the sovereign people to reduce to written law their wishes and beliefs. It will transfer the crown of divinity from the brow of royalty and mammon, and place it on the brow of labor. It will open the hearts of men to receive the truth of the oneness of humanity, so all will see that to injure another is to injure self, that all things in the universe return to their source; that actions or thoughts directed for other's injury must, by the operation of unalterable law, react upon the doer. It will cleanse the drunkard's brain and breath, and on his household after lay the wreath of happiness and love. It will ransom the people's heritage of land, and clear away the *debris* shaken down by the old world's groaning. It will regenerate men and women until the sacred creative power is no longer prostituted to unholy ends, but used to develop an organism—a brain, in whose holy of holies the Christ shall sit enthroned.

"And I saw the new Jerusalem descending from the heaven."

"And the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and there shall be no more crying, neither sickness nor death."

"The meek shall inherit the earth and delight themselves in the fullness thereof."

They shall build houses and inhabit them; they shall

not build and another inhabit. They shall plant vineyards and eat the fruit thereof; they shall not plant and another reap. And the last enemy to be overcome shall be death, for, "Behold, I make all things new."

"See ye the vision, tell it in, ch. men of ruined lives! Joy for the broken-hearted world of maidens and of wives. This is the hope ye waited for when courage else had died; It flamed gold-clad from brow to feet, borne on the morning's tide.

The human earthquake cleaves the globe through myriads of the free;

God is to us a saviour, born in social liberty."

And now, some may think my ideas visionary, I will close after reading an extract from one of earth's great seers, one of God's spiritually illuminated, Ralph Waldo Emerson:

"I believe that the laws of nature are rolling on a time when 'a child shall still be a child though a hundred years old'; when sickness shall fade from the world and with it the mistakes of the brain. Then men shall stand up with no taint of disease in the body. My hope for the race is bright as the morning star, for a glory is coming to man such as the most inspired tongues of prophets and of poets have never been able to describe."

### CONCENTRATION.

W. J. COLVILLE.

The restless character is not the ideal character. In order to develop general power, one has to learn to work with one's mind.

Whenever you are afraid that you are going to lose something, and are always troubling yourself about it, you set in motion a destructive current of force.

We can do as we choose with our own faculties. This is the first lesson in concentration. If you say you cannot help it, you are a confessed creature of circumstance.

According to whatever you expect—whether you will it so, or whether you will it otherwise—shall it be unto you.

Like attracts like. Everything attracts its own kind throughout the universe. But there are those who desire one thing but expect another. This explains why many persons remain ill.

You can have anything you like in the universe—provided you set about attracting it in the right way. Can you not make a mental picture of anything you want? The first question is, do you know what you want? If you do not know what you want, no one can help you. In business, unless you know what you want, a business person cannot tell you how to get it. It is just the same on the psychic plane. Find out what you desire most of all. Choose out some place and some occupation, and put yourself in relation with it subjectively, in your quietest moments.

If we know what we want, we can relate ourselves to it. Go into the silence and find out what you want. Do not rise from your chair or place of retirement until you know what you want.

Every individual is a magnet to draw to himself whatever he needs to draw—whatever is steadily determined upon. The result is attained by living continually with one object and one determination. When people *will* to succeed, that is one-half. When they *expect* to succeed, that is the other half. This is to govern fate, instead of being governed by it.

We put all speculative topics aside. We will not

dogmatize upon them at all. The question is not whether our desires are the result of reincarnation or the result of heredity. But your desire being what it is—your desire being *yours*—you can gratify the desire. We cannot change our past incarnations. What we maintain is, whatever your desire is now—let it result from whatever it may—you can fulfill your desire through the law of attraction. If you do not care about a thing, you do not want to get it. There is not a person on this earth who really wants a thing and cannot get it. The desire is that which attracts.

Make conditions for success by calling out mentally whatever you wish to attract. You are a magnet to attract it; it is entirely through the law of attraction. "Wherever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Wherever two or three are gathered together in any mental condition, if joyful, they are a magnet to attract joy. They attract whatever they concentrate upon.

Not in use, but in abuse, lies the injury of any faculty. Never make an unpleasant effort to produce any effect. Doubt and fear and straining efforts produce injurious effects. When people try to do anything they almost invariably fail to do it. Never say "I'll try," but say "I'll do it." "I'll do it!" is what conquers obstacles.

If a person wants anything, let him know that he wants it and open himself to it. "I will have what I want because I want it," is the attitude to take for the accomplishment of anything.

When you wish a prophecy for your own life, go into the sacred silence. Don't ask anybody else, but go into the depths of your own consciousness.

The way in which the highest knowledge comes to us is the way it came to the early prophets. They went away by themselves—they went into the wilderness.

If we have pure eyes and loving hearts, we can read the book of Nature. There is meaning to every voice, and a significance to every form.

The true condition is perfect rest, but continual activity.

It is not the length of time we consume in doing any work, but the amount of energy we throw into our work that truly tells.

People who are always running about and trying to accomplish a great deal, often accomplish very little. Quiet industry is most effective.

Our wishes, it is said—do but measure  
Just our capabilities. Who with his might,  
Aspires to yonder mountains' lofty height,  
Holds in that as aspiration, a great trust  
To be fulfilled. A warrant that he must not disregard.  
A strength, to reach the height  
To which his hopes have taken happy flight.

Remember, when these dreams and longings  
Thrust themselves, God bidden in your face,  
That each and every one clasps some reality.  
The height your hope hath found, your feet may reach:  
For every wish is but a prophecy,  
(Although your fears refuse to grant it speech)  
Of what you have the power, to do and be,

CLARA E. CHOATE.

Boston, Mass.

## THE VIGOR OF EXPECTANCY.

[In Two Parts—Part First.]

BY WILLIAM RANSOM.

Within the reach of all, is the greatest tonic in the world. It is the vigor of expectancy. Our thoughts are things which can be used either to build up or tear down. One of the chief causes of the pain, misery and sorrow in the world to-day, is that the thought forces are used on destructive rather than constructive lines. We are constantly attracting around us the failures of the past. These are so many dead selves, as it were, which weary humanity ignorantly drags about with it and is constantly sinking under the burden therof. These bars to progress must be shaken off. It cannot be expected that this process can be successfully carried out in a minute. Nature in her methods is not spasmodic. She ripens and develops slowly and symmetrically by a gradual transition. This is true of nature whether she seeks to remove an excrescence or fill a vacuum. The excrescence is transformed to something higher and better; the vacuum is closed with a newer and a stronger force. At the back of nature's workings is the Supreme Cause of which everything is a part. There is nothing tangible or intangible to our physical senses that is not a part of this Supreme Cause. What we think, we are. Each second we are sending out thought force, and thereby we are creating either for good or for temporary evil. We say temporary evil because there is only one principle in the Supreme Consciousness, and that is good. Evil is really a delusion which we have created by an ignorant use of our thought force, and made powerful to act on our material consciousness.

Heat and light are vigor which we can draw to us in the same way that a magnet attracts certain substances.

We shall one day realize that each man and woman is a magnet of higher power than any magnetic ore, or piece of magnetized steel. Thought force is magnetic. It remains for us to decide what kind of magnet we shall be. We can attract just what we decree—health, happiness and prosperity; sickness, misery and poverty. It all depends on our thoughts. We are parts of one Supreme Cause, one central thought force. It is good or "God."

The vigor of expectancy is to be gained by looking ahead. It is an error to dwell on past failures and mistakes. This is to cover the radiant and luminous self with a black mantle which becomes heavier and denser each time it is worn. And on each of these occasions, it will be found more difficult to doff this mantle. The practice of living in the unpleasant and unprofitable past, brings the vigor of despair, not the vigor of expectancy. A person with a hopeful disposition is to be congratulated. But one who possesses knowledge of thought force and a complete reliance on the Supreme Thought, has his hope transformed to Faith. This is brought about by the vigor born of expectancy. All our present ideals of the good, the beautiful and the true are found to be but foreshadowings of the real. It is due to the vigor of expectancy that we feel so elated and buoyant when we walk or ride through beautiful landscapes, in the sunshine and bright, crisp air. Such

environments enable the spirit to manifest through the lower and material self with greater ease, and we are conscious of supreme pleasure in simply living.

To be buoyant and vigorous, relishing with keen pleasure the possibilities of the present and future, should be our normal condition. Resting in the assurance and love of the all-embracing Supreme Cause, we look forward with a cheerful expectancy which gives us vigor and force. It makes the eyes bright and brings a healthy flush in the cheeks, smoothing away the wrinkles which have been traced on the countenance by erroneous thoughts. The vigor of expectancy is one of the best and most natural methods for the making of beautiful complexions. Keeping in an expectant mood gives to every one each day a new idea, a fresh aspiration. It brings us nearer to the Supreme Cause, and a radiation of happiness and inward content, which grows stronger and stronger, is the result. Dreary and depressing doubts, errors of belief; unconscious but injurious thoughts which surround one like a fog, are dissipated. These mists cannot exist in the rarefied atmosphere of thought which a vigorous expectancy creates.

The vigor of expectancy clears the vision, and scales which blurred the sight to everything but the material, fall away. The successful man of business is an example of the vigor of expectancy. He may or may not be conscious of this power. But it is the self-confident assurance that comes of a constant expectancy that the failure of to-day will be forgotten in the success of to-morrow, that places him ahead of his competitors and gives him more material riches than his poorer brethren.

Expectancy is also one of the chief causes of sickness and distress. It is a quality of mind which brings to us either disaster or happy achievement. Just what we expect, we receive. The degree of the vigor of expectancy regulates the intensity of the results. The adage, "It is the unexpected that always happens," is inverted. It is the expected, on the contrary, that always happens. "According to your faith, it shall be unto you." According to our understanding, this means that what we expect will happen, because what we expect we evidently have faith in. Nothing happens unexpectedly or by chance. Although we may not have the eyes to see, or the ears to hear, or the mind to understand, every so-called trivial incident of our every-day life is the working of one grand and immutable law which emanates from the Supreme Power of which we are a part. We may have conceived an idea in a vigorously expectant mood of mind, and then allowed it to pass out of our material memory. But the thought force so expended has radiated forth. Its reactive energy must reach us sooner or later. When it does, we have forgotten the idea, and the manifestation of the original thought strikes us as something new and unexpected.

When anything disagreeable occurs, we often say: "That is just what I expected." This is an unconscious confession that we have used the vigor of expectancy

in a wrong manner. If anything pleasant comes along to make us feel happy, most of us are afraid to say: "That is just what I expected." Yet it would be just as true, Besides it is just what we should say. For by giving physical utterance to such a thought, it assists the spirit to dissipate in a measure the error of believing that chance, and not law was responsible for the happening.

The persistent activity and bright anticipations of the young, are examples of the vigor of expectancy manifested in the highest form. The child grows in intelligence, and life increases in happiness because the spirit, not yet constrained in bondage of wrong material beliefs, is always expecting something better and more beautiful than what has gone before. Each new sensation gives an earnest of something yet to come which is still more harmonious and more delightful. Those persons who are visionary, who build castles in the air, and those persons who consider life one gloomy chapter of misery and hardship, have brought about their condition by the vigor of expectancy. Ecstasy and melancholia are both caused by the vigor of expectancy misapplied. These are states of bad adjustment. They are created by a misunderstanding that prevents a proper balance between the physical and material selves being sustained. We must not develop in a one-sided manner. If we pay our entire attention to the growth of our spiritual forces, we weaken the body. We should not do this. We must seek to so use the vigor of expectancy that our spiritual and physical organizations may grow symmetrically. The ledger of our life must show no more entries on the debit side than on the credit side, or a balance cannot be struck.

As we cultivate the vigor of expectancy, we will find ourselves inclined to take more exercise. Habits of apathy, and that listlessness which goes by the name of laziness, will drop away. In their places will be a healthy activity. But all this cannot come without a struggle. Fits of the "blues," will plunge us into a slough of depression. Each struggle, however, will be less severe and an equable temperament will be the outcome. This alone is worth the striving. Before the full benefit of the vigor of expectancy can be received, there must be a physical as well as spiritual change. Years of ignorant use of our forces have built up a body in which are combined elements that cause mental activity in wrong directions. These elements also tend to a physical apathy. As soon as the vigor of expectancy begins to operate a transformation commences. At first our physical lassitude may increase; the mind may for a time appear muddled. No uneasiness need be felt because of this. The season of unpleasantness passes away. It is during this period that our faith must not waver. Unwavering in our expectancy that all is good, the lower material forces will be disintegrated from our bodies. Before we are scarcely conscious of it, we shall find that we hold our heads more erect. We shall gaze at the world with open eyes. We shall breathe deeply and gain lung expansion. The feet will be placed on the ground with the firm tread of conscious power; not the power of ignorance, but the

fearlessness that comes to our knowledge that we are a part of all Power. Our whole being soon thrills with magnetism so strongly that we are impelled to release some of it by physical exercise. Where we walked a mile, we can now walk ten miles, and instead of the feeling of dull fatigue at the exertion, we experience a restful and delightful glow.

All this comes from the vigor of expectancy. This is not a chimera. It is for every one. It is to be obtained by simple means. Yet many will not test this power who will swallow with credulous avidity all that is printed on the advertisements of patent medicines and quack nostrums.

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#### THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

"The little town of Tailhol is good enough for me."

I am well and unreasonably happy. I never in all my life saw such a perfectly lovely world as this. It is exactly right—as far as it has gone. If it was perfect I should be miserable; there would be nothing for me to do. But it is not perfect, and this condition co-relates my energies, which must have an outlet or throw me into fits.

I have never had a fit within my recollection—though several misfits have fallen to my lot. But I control my lot now so nearly to my liking that misfits rarely come to me any more.

The editorial columns this week contain evidence of the fact that we have had a Fourth of July in Sea Breeze. Like all the occasions of Sea Breeze junketing it was a decided success. There was a large crowd on the beach just in front of the pavilion where all sorts of absurd performances were taking place. Prizes had been offered for nearly every ridiculous race that the gen'us of man has invented. A greased pole found plenty of boys to climb it, or try to. Every failure ended in some boy falling into the ocean. As the little scamps could swim like ducks, and all had on the scantiest of bathing suits, it was very harmless fun. The tide which had been well out, leaving the beach in splendid condition for the races, very obligingly turned and came in for the greased pole performance. Indeed this performance was put off to the last in order to furnish water for the boys to fall into.

At night there was an exhibition of fireworks, and then a dance. When I left, Charley—looking like a dude—in his dress suit, was swinging in the waltz with some handsome damsel that I was unacquainted with. Speaking of dude reminds me of a conundrum a lady propounded in my hearing as we sat on the wide veranda of the Clarendon Inn watching the fireworks. It is old, and I had heard it before, but I failed to guess it, and so did the others.

Conundrum.—What is the difference between Uncle Sam, a rooster and an old maid?

Answer.—When Uncle Sam crows he says "Yankee doodle doo." A rooster says "cock a doodle doo." An old maid says "Any dude 'll do."

It is quite out of fashion to ridicule old maids. There are no old maids. We have independent maids; plenty of whom entertain their own idea of marriage drawn from observation; and it is a fact that they consider themselves extremely fortunate in having escaped many and harrowing bonds. Some will say that it is a great misfortune that the spirit of motherhood in these ladies has been suppressed. I say that motherhood is the greatest slavery of all. No person loves children more than I do; but when I consider the torture of bringing a child into the world, and the anxiety that attend its rearing, and—I hate to say it—the thanklessness of the task—the indifference of the child, in many instances, amounting to cruel neglect. I would—if I should live my life over—avoid motherhood if I could do it innocently; and I am the last person living to blame women for refusing to sacrifice every particle of freedom, and submit to slavery for the sake of catering to the world's misguided opinions on this subject. I understand human nature pretty well and I am not blaming the children. I don't forget that I was a

child myself once, and what I say of children now, was true of me then. When a child is born the mother has divided her life; and what she gets in return is the privilege of loving and sacrificing from that time on; for after the first cry of the tiny, weakling she never really draws a free breath again. Every pain of the child leaves its scar in her heart; every sorrow that touches it, wounds her infinitely more. And what is she to the child? She is its refuge; its necessity in times of trouble; it goes elsewhere for its joys. And this is human nature, and not a thing to complain of. The mother lives for the child; the child lives for itself.

A woman's horizon is not widened by the coming of a child; it is narrowed. Motherhood is the badge and synonym of ignorance. With the arrival of that true intelligence which is to save the race from death, and the arrival is—in a limited way—already here, there will be no more children born. The vital force that builds the child in the mother's womb will be deflected from such purpose, and be utilized in increasing her own vitality, to the lengthening and perfecting of her life. Even now generation is beginning to lose itself in re-generation, though the world does not know it yet.

But this subject is not popular; at least my version of it. Or rather—whether it is popular or not, this article is not the right place for it. And yet it is difficult to get away from.

Ada—Mrs. Powers—writes from Kirkville, Mo., that the weather is fearfully hot there. She says she would give a good deal for a few whiffs of our ocean breeze. I don't see why people have not sense enough to come South in the Summer. We had one week of quite warm weather here; only one; even then the heat was tempered by the delicious ocean breezes. And now it is not hot at all; just right for me anyhow.

But something ails the flowers. They are not doing well. I expect they were planted too late. I got two hundred rose plants this spring and had them put out, but they have not grown any, though they are still alive.

Did you ever have a spell of feeling that nothing is worth while? I expect it comes very near to being the blues. It attacked me this morning when I first got up; it took me five minutes to reason myself out of it. Oh, there is nothing like having a vivid interest in life; then, even the most trifling thing contributes to one's happiness. In a flower vase in the window I had planted a packet of Coleus seed. I went there and looked at the young plants; they were doing their best, and beginning to show their colors. "There is my lesson," I said; "I am going to do my best, and I will show my colors, too." It was then I said, "The little town of Tailholm is good enough for me;" after which the world got back all its rainbow hues, and more than I had ever seen at one time before.

There is immense interest in running a newspaper. By the way, Charley and I bought another one yesterday; we did not want it, but we wanted the printing press and engine and the whole outfit, and I suppose the paper was thrown in. As an investment it is worse than nothing, the paper I mean, but for the honor of our town it must not be permitted to die. Charley said last evening "Write some nonsense for it, Helen, and let it go. I am going to write some sense for it. Your

department will be more popular than mine, because everybody of any brains likes nonsense better than sense." So I told Charley I would advertise the paper in *FREEDOM*, and I am doing it.

*The Peninsula Breeze*, \$1 a year, dear at half the price. Its best friends wonder what it thinks it is for.

But really there is fun in running a local paper, and "ye editor man" finds plenty of chances to say humorous things in it. Moreover it keeps one in touch with the people and external circumstances, and life lies in this direction. Life is what we want, life, and then more life.

H. W.

#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

"What hath thou done more harm than the follies of the pitiful? Woe unto all loving ones who do not possess an elevation above their pity!"

"Keep your reasons secret! For to-day is of the mob. Who could by reason upset that which the mob learned to believe without reason? In the market-place one convinceth by gestures. But reasons make the mob mistrustful."

"The integrity of our own mind is the only sacred thing."

"He who aims high must not dread popular manners. Popularity is for dolls."

"The wise not only leaves out of his thought the many, but leaves out the few."

"Dante locked the door and put the key in his pocket. I believe we value only those who do so."

"The worst of charity is that the lives you are ask to preserve are not worth preserving."

—EMERSON.

#### NEW SONGS AND POPULAR MELODIES.

We want to publish a collection of Mental Science and New Thought songs set to popular melodies. Friends interested are requested to forward originals or reprints. A bound volume of those selected will be mailed free of charge to all whose selections are first received and accepted for publication. Address **THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION**, Sea Breeze, Florida.

#### SELF-TREATMENT

BY HELEN WILMANS.

This little booklet contains the very pith and essence of self-healing and is invaluable as pocket guide to mental and physical health and strength. A new edition bound in a pretty cover has just issued from the hands of the printer. It should not only be in your possession but in your friends' as well, and the price is within reach of all. Price 10 cents; three for 25 cents; six for 50 cents. Address **THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION**, Sea Breeze, Fla.

#### HOME HEALING.

Send and get my pamphlet on this subject. Ask for **The Mind Care Pamphlet**. It is now called "The Highest Power of All." It will cost you nothing; ask for several copies if you have friends to whom you could give them. There is wisdom in this pamphlet; and many powerful proofs of the ability of the mind to control every form of disease and weakness. It will do you good simply to read it. It will give you strength and encouragement.

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HELEN WILMANS,  
 Sea Breeze, Florida.

Entered at the Postoffice at Sea Breeze, Fla., as second-class matter, August 28, 1897. Removed from Boston, Mass.

Mr. Geo. Osbond, Scientor House, Norman Ave., Devonport, Eng., is exclusive agent for our works in Great Britain. Our British friends will please address all orders to him.

Sea Breeze is now an International money order office. Our patrons will please make all money orders payable on this place.

"Freedom" is the topmost word in the language; only the highest intelligence renders it attainable.

To stand still is to go back.

Stand up, and stand alone. Glory in your ability to stand alone. The very moment you begin to long for help you are slipping into weakness.

What a lot of imitators men are. The person who is himself, can scarcely exist among these frail shadows of men. He must get away from them or be pulled from the grand pedestal of his individuality by them.

Do I love the race? No, I do not. They are ghouls. They would drink the blood of the living ones in the dark, and then kick them when they had no more blood to give. "Love your neighbor as yourself." That is easy for the ghouls; they love their neighbor as themselves, but they do not love themselves, and this is what ails them. They have no selves to love. But it is easy to love the picture man; the undeveloped possibilities lying latent in the ghoul. Oh, to live a century from now when these human frailties have blossomed into the realities of men! Well, what is to hinder?

I do not care the ten thousandth part of a copper for the opinion of the masses. I may be a fool myself, but I am a live fool. The masses are dead, in a sense of their own nothingness, while I feel the stirring of a new life force, and know that I am kicking out of the inanimate crowd even now.

I think it would be a good idea just to leave the world alone, and a few of us living people write one epitaph for the whole of its dead. "Here is that which

having slumbered in life, passed into death without knowing it. The clean space left by its demise is royally occupied by the living."

What a blood-thirsty fiend I seem to be. But, consider this—I am not rejoicing that the great bulk of the race is dead, I am only accepting the palpable fact that it is dead; and that the clarion call of truth—which is life—seems at this time to have almost no power to awaken it. Under the circumstances what can one do but accept the fact. And if accepted where is the treason in speaking of it?

Christian Science is the gospel of nothingness. Mental Science is the exact opposite; it is the gospel of all-thing-ness. But if you want a farther explanation of this mighty difference you can buy Mrs. Eddy's book, and a set of the Wilmans Home Course, and compare them. I'm sleepy. It is the Fourth of July, and I have been celebrating. The clock is on the verge of striking one; honest folks ought to be in bed.

As Montaigne said, "If the world complains that I speak too much of myself, I complain that the other people do not so much as think of themselves." They are blind to their own value, and I am beginning to be aroused on this subject. I have got to be nine days old, and my eyes are coming open. And I am getting to be sincere with myself. I see splendid capabilities in myself and I like to talk about them. This grand seeing does not necessitate me to have my head hooped to keep it from bursting. It might do this if it were not for the fact that I see many other persons whose capabilities are as great as my own.

See here what an advantage the years give. Seventy years old and still learning like a child. How much better is my position now than it was thirty years ago. It was about thirty years ago that I began to magnify men by studying myself. It was then that I became introspective; and Oh, the fascinating study! So very fascinating that I gave up all thought of dying either of old age or any other weakness, and began to have a deathless object in life. Such happiness; such renewal; it was a search for heaven in the right direction; and now I have reached the pearly gates and they are swinging open so that I see indescribable vistas of beauty, spreading out endlessly.

"Reinforce me, I entreat you;" said Emerson "show me some man, work or fact under the angle of practice, that I may see you as an elector and rejector, an agent, an antagonist and a commander. I have seen enough of obedient sea-wave, forever lashing the obedient shore." In other words, show me something that I can pitch into. I did not know Emerson ever had a pugilistic mood. I thought such moods were left for red-haired women. I expect I had too much Fourth of July yesterday.

But joking aside, it is a fact that for a year crowds have jarred on me. I get away from the crowd as soon as I can, and rush home to my heavenly and reposeful den, where health-giving and sustaining thought builds me up and strengthens me. Oh, what a power self generated thought is! Of course one must

see to it that the character of the thought is all right. It must be positive on the side of good; it must reject all weakness, and all doubt of its own potency; and it must be turned inward, so that it will touch the center and beginning of organization—the solar plexus—to be carried by those numberless nerves to every part of the system, and become built into the body.

I am not at all surprised that Mrs. Eddy refuses to see strangers. She is economizing her forces. She feels it necessary to do so just now at this stage of the game, when the world is so ignorant and so antagonistic, and when she knows that thought like water, seeks its level. Nevertheless I do think that one must overcome this seeming necessity by greater positiveness, and a more daring trust in the power of the truth. One of the first sentences that appealed to me in the begining of my study of Mental Science was, *The supply is equal to the demand.* This seems a perfect guarantee to everything one might call for.

The only trouble is that we forget these noble sentences, and fall into negation concerning them. Let us affirm their ever present power, and take shelter under their protecting wings. Once deeply ingrained in our organizations, they will make us bold as lions, and patient as the angels.

H. W.

#### A PREMIUM ON IGNORANCE.

That everlasting struggle between ignorance and intelligence, which began with the mistake in the Garden of Eden and passed down to the present generation through the perilous time of the dark ages, the tortures of the inquisition, the witchcraft of our Puritan fathers is still in evidence.

Professor F. D. Tubs has been dismissed from Kansas Wesleyan university for thinking. The university of to-day wants men who are machines and think according to rules established by other men who were themselves hampered by the limitations of doctrines which are now generally regarded as in need of modification.

Thinking is fatal to the material prosperity of the man who breaks the confines of a settled and narrow belief.

Professor Ross was dismissed from Leland Stanford university because he entertained independent views of man and his environments and dared to promulgate his theories. The University of California dismissed one of its faculty because he ignored the rule against thinking. He was too broad for the institution's limited conception of things. There were in recent years similar cases at the Kansas State university and the Emporia State Normal school, and on May 8th Professor George H. Gilbert was relieved of the responsibilities attached to the chair of natural science of the Chicago Theological university, and his name was added to the long list of those who were guilty of the crime of thinking and putting their thoughts into words.

The churches and the universities are putting a premium on ignorance. There is no place in orthodoxy for the man who would improve its teachings without injuring its better purposes. There is no room in the university for the man who would think on a broader plane—no place in our political economy for the evolutionist who sees greater things and seeks to turn his vision to universal advantage.

It was much the same spirit which opposed the abolition of the rack in darkest England, when feudalism practiced its most oppressive cruelties, and the freeman dared not stand in the road in which the King passed. It was the same spirit, probably, which urged the dark cell, the years of solitary confinement, the slaughter of babes, the pillory and guillotine, the rack and red-hot pincers, as holy institutions, and no man dared oppose them, knowing that he would lose his own head. Yet in the evolution of years man began to see things in a more rational light, and ignorance gave way to the steady advance of intelligence.

If the advanced thinkers of the dark ages were right by what authority shall we assume that the advanced thinkers of the twentieth century are wrong?

If it were right in the day of King Arthur to champion a higher thought, in what does higher thought of this century violate common rules of humanity? How does it interfere with individual, national or universal progress, mentally, morally, spiritually or physically?

Had the narrowness of only a few years ago been allowed to antedate the greater thoughts of men, there would be no railway today, no telephone, no telegraph, no wireless telegraphy, no Roentgen rays, no possibility of airships, no ocean liners, no America. Columbus would have died at the feet of Queen Isabella with his petition ungranted; the greatest scientists of the world would have eaten out their very hearts with disappointment and their thoughts would have died with them.

It is unfortunate that such a positive antagonism to mental research has developed on American soil. Thinking has come to be a crime; ignorance is at a premium.

#### TRUE SYMPATHY

What? Shall I descend?

Shall I make my abiding place in the desert of poverty and littleness where you have chosen to dwell?

Chosen? Ay, I say chosen, though well I wot you did it with your eyes shut, in the dark, or maybe with a toss-up—heads or tails.

The voice of your murmurings comes to my ears:

“Behold we are weak; we suffer: we are cast down and overborne. Life is too hard to live; and Death like a shadow, pursues us. In the valley of tribulation we are bound down and oppressed and there is no help for us.”

“Pity us, you who bear love in your heart, and in your eyes the far-searching light of vision. Pity us and console us, you, the world-lover.”

So? Shall I come down into your weakness?

Shall I weep with your weeping and mourn with your lamentations? Tell me, how would my so doing profit you? Love you so dearly your wretchedness, that you would fain share it with others?

“Sunken am I; let the world sink too!” So far loves misery companionship?

Pity you? Nay, for I love you, and I too have gone through the desert; the desert where we starve and choke and burn till we can no longer endure; till we gird up our loins and flee.

Pity is a soft, shifting wind that would keep the desert sand ever in your eyes till you saw not the

horizon, the far distant mountains, the waving palms of some cool-hearted oasis.

Pity and I are strangers. Am I hard and stern and cruel? Not cruel, but stern, for love is stern as Truth.

I, a world-lover, a prophet, love you and behold you with clear vision. Would you know what I behold in you? For you see not yourselves, you of the slow hearts and the dull eyes.

See here an acorn. You see the acorn, the little germ of oak-life here in my hand. I see an oak, sky-aspiring, wide-spreading, a cool green shade, a thing of strength and of beauty. And I hold it here 'twixt my fingers. Yea, it is here, the germ, the life, the Will, that through unfoldment shall grow into mighty expressions.

See again, here is a songster, a warbler. He carols from dawn to dark, lives and loves and enjoys and begets the choirs that people the trees and the air, and environ the earth with melody.

You see only an egg. Oh! you of the dull eyes! Only an egg, 'tis true. A pretty thing too. Lock it away to keep its prettiness; deny its unfoldment. What then does it become? A thing of death and decay; vile, loathsome.

Oh, little bird in your egg, no prisoner you; no captive; but the germ of song-life and love-life. Develop, unfold, come forth!

Behold! with the clear sight I see one coming, in whose eyes is a radiant joy. His form is all perfection, showing forth beauty in every line and curve. Each fibre obedient to the master will, he walks the earth supreme, creature and creator.

All secrets of Nature are known to him; all the laws of being he holds in his hand, he, the highest and finest fruition of earth-life.

Beauty lover, he speaks, and earth puts forth her richest and rarest.

Lover of Power, his arm directs and controls wind, wave and lightnings.

Lover of Freedom, he soars, free as the birds—*ay, far freer, knowing no bonds, no limitation, no voice to give warning—“Thou shalt not!”*

Lover of Joy, all things near him quiver and vibrate in gladness.

His smile is light, his presence is music, and harmony is all the air about him.

Lover of Life, he is one with All Life. Beloved of gods, lover of men, brother of birds, flowers, crystals; *Sapient Expressor of Love and Manifestor of Life.* Behold! here stands he. What see you?

Only yourself in the mirror? Only yourself?

Yourself. Oh, you of the slow heart!

Waken, behold, believe! You, it is you, your very self; life is the seed; love is the germ. Unfold your power from within. Grow, aspire and develop, and you shall walk erect—

In freedom and power invincible.  
In joy and beauty infinite.  
In life and love eternal.

—A. C.

#### A GOOD THING.

We have a pamphlet explanatory of the Mental Science method of healing which is sent free to all who want it. It is called "The Highest Power of All." Address **FREEDOM**, Sea Breeze, Florida.

#### MENTAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The members of the Association no doubt will be pleased at the news that a temple of the Association was formed during the latter days of May, in the City of Mexico with a membership of twelve. The organizer of the Association is Mr. Henry S. de Vries, a merchant of Mexico City, who has been deeply interested for some time in the study of Mental Science. Among the members registered, are two mining engineers, an artist, several merchants, a miner and a number of ladies. The new organization has our best wishes for its success and future growth.

Mental Science has taken a firm foothold in the Republic of Mexico, and its spread has been fostered largely through that broad minded, energetic and indefatigable worker, Dr. O. P. Rice, who with voice and pen has done gallant service along these lines for several years. The English speaking press too has displayed a liberal tendency toward the new line of thought, and *The Herald*, published in the City of Mexico, has opened its columns and has given liberal space to the presentation and discussion of these subjects from time to time; and thus the movement makes sure and steady headway.

In remitting the semi-annual dues for the membership of the St. Louis Temple, Mrs. E. G. E. de Borges, the Secretary, asks: "What is your opinion in regard to the numerical strength of our membership in St. Louis at the present time? While we have received a number of applicants during the past six months, we have not yet made much headway in the increase of our membership for so large a city as St. Louis." Helen Wilmans thought my response worthy of a space in **FREEDOM**, and I present it herewith.

"Repeating to your question in regard to my opinion as to the progress made by your temple to date, will state that I think you have done exceedingly well to maintain your organization for the present; that being the most essential point for the progress of the movement. Our friends who are associated with yourself in this effort constitute a nucleus, a seed germ, so to speak, of a grand organization that is bound to spring into existence sooner or later in your city. In the consciousness that you are right, there is strength, and whether your numbers are large or small, matters very little at this time. Sooner or later the light will break through and the people will see the correctness of our teachings. The main point in it all is that we may, as far as possible, add strength to the teachings of this new philosophy by putting it into daily practice ourselves, no matter who else does or does not. We thus become living examples and objective demonstrators of that which we know, and that which we teach, to be correct. That the people are as yet unable to comprehend what we teach, or are unwilling to listen, ought not to discourage us. The loss is not ours, it is with those who do not know. Evolution at best is a matter of slow growth, but it is steady and persistent, and aims at the highest perfection ultimately. It took many millions of years for the one-celled protoplasm to become a man in physical form, and it took many hundreds of thousands of years to develop the intellect within that human form. It has taken man countless decades to reach the point of self-recognition. This being the point at which some of us have now arrived, it forms the basis and starting point for further evolution—mind evolution. Here we take conscious charge of further development in nature, and ourselves, and are the pioneers of the new system of thought and of action in all the avenues of life. Recognizing this we ought to feel proud that we have been privileged to become the pioneers in this great movement."

CHAS. F. BURGMAN.

## PRETTY GOOD MENTAL SCIENCE.

One of the pleasantest chats we ever had with anyone, was the one we had last week with the gentleman who puts the dogs and ponies through their performances in the Gentry Bros. show.

"There is intelligence in everything," remarked the gentleman, "If you know how to bring it out and develop it; That dog over there," said he, pointing to an intelligent looking poodle, "understands nearly everything I say. It has required long years of patience and kindness to bring him out and make something of him; and that dog over there," pointing to the little fellow climbing the ladder and jumping from a pedestal into a net below, "is worth \$2,000 of anybody's money."

"You have to be firm with them," we remarked as we noticed him use his whip.

"Oh, yes, but we inflict no pain. The only way to train a dumb animal is to be patient and be kind and take your time. All of them will respond in due course of time, and these ponies, just look at them; why they are as intelligent as two-thirds of the people. There is a band of ponies that I can put through a military drill as accurately as human beings. I have simply developed their intelligence. There is intelligence in everything and when a person recognizes this fact he begins to recognize the great fact that all is intelligence. Every phase of life possesses intelligence. Mankind is of course more intelligent generally than animal kind, but all animal kind possesses a bit of the same sort of intelligence that human minds possesses."

"Do you use any tricks in governing them?"

"No sir, there is no trick about it a tall. I secure their attention and when they know what I want them to do they are perfectly willing to do it. It requires a whole lot of thought and study to devise ways and means of reaching their little brains, but the way is clear to the man who loves a dog or a horse. The animals know those who love them just as readily, and in fact more readily, than mankind. They are always loyal to their masters. You should not fondle them and sympathize with them too much. That spoils them. It will spoil humanity just as quickly. Life is a serious proposition and if we are to make the most of it we must deal justly with all creatures. There is more in justice than there is in pity or sympathy. If we all did justice by all creatures there would be no occasion to institute laws and ordinances to keep people straight."

"You believe in the society for prevention of cruelty to animals then?"

"Yes, the humane society is doing splendid work."

"How about teaching children to be good and kind to animals?"

"That is a good idea and Miss Irene Rood is accomplishing much good by securing the passage of laws that require a ten minute lecture each day in our public schools, upon kind treatment of dumb animals."

"Are your dogs and ponies ever sick?"

"Rarely: we take good care of them, know just how to handle them, study each one's disposition and govern ourselves accordingly. They all have plenty of good wholesome food, plenty of sunshine and exercise."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

PUEBLO, COLO., May 22, 1901.  
DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—

Let me introduce myself to you. I am Mr. Herb George's hired man. It may seem funny to you when I say that I am already very well acquainted with you.

For the last few months both of us have been living in the same thought world. On returning from his last visit to you Mr. George presented me with the Conquest of Poverty and the Conquest of Death, and also put me on the FREEDOM list; and I must not forget Men and Gods too. A person's mind is in the habit of drifting along down the line of a certain current of thought. Books that happen to be traveling in the same direction at a much faster speed frequently overtake us, and when we find that they are bound for the same place, in order to have the pleasure of their company we also put on more speed and fall in line with them. Standing on the banks of either side of all rapid currents of thought, are the great masses of the human race. The few real active thinkers, the struggling pioneers of the thought world that are afloat on this current, are looked upon by the quiet, conservative multitudes as so many poor deluded fools. I know this because some of my real good neighbor friends laugh at me, in a good-natured way of course, when I say that thought is a substance, a force, the same as steam or electricity. When you tackle the brambles and jungles of an unthinking brain, you are met by the same difficulties that would beset you in clearing up a Florida swamp. When a man sees a play, hears a sermon or reads a book, he ought to be a stronger, better and happier man.

Books are canned up thoughts, preserved mental food. The mind has a stomach same as the body. The mind grows like the body just in proportion as the food it consumes is digestive. I am glad that I have read your books; they are good stuff and have done me a whole lot of good.

Truly yours,  
J. J. HEBARD.

## Know Thyself.

I have been a student of spiritual philosophy for many years and am convinced that the true key to the situation is found in the two words, "Know thyself."

Being a close observer, I have made it a point to watch carefully all that I have been brought in contact with, and know that I have found the majority so busy going around getting acquainted with others, and their opinions, that they have entirely forgotten about forming an acquaintance with themselves.

It is truly wonderful what a lot of sympathy and respect people have for those they meet and know and how very little they have for themselves.

Understand me, I do not mean being bigoted over ourselves, but coming into the realization that we owe duty and respect to the "I am" that is within us, as well as to that which is in others.

When one comes into this realization or recognition, he will see how very soon that same recognized "I am" will cry out when it is wronged or not respected.

It is this lack of recognition, love and respect of the "God" that is in one, that causes people to be so tossed about. This same "God" or "I am" will care for you



Ten cents will bring you a copy of "Sexual Law and the Philosophy of Perfect Health," by Dr. Close; also circulars of the latest and best Metaphysical Books and a sample copy of The Nautilus, all for ten cents.

WILLIAM E. TOWNE,  
Dept. 2, Holyoke, Mass.

June 19-20<sup>th</sup>

in all things and will make your life a happy one and will reveal all things to you. You may say, "Why has it not done so before?" Simply because you have not given it opportunity to do so. You have failed to recognize it and have not even treated it with the same love, respect and kindness that you have given others.

Friends, do not be discouraged—it may only be a wee, small, faint voice at first, but by giving that voice intellectual food in the form of logical words, it will become a living power. The words "strength" and "peace," "love" and "wisdom," will bring about the desired results, by repeating them over and over as you go about your daily labors. As you repeat the words, strive to realize how good it is to be strong and powerful, wise and peaceful. It has been proven to my entire satisfaction that we must first take the mote out of our own eye before we can see to take it out of our brother's.

Therefore, learn to "know thyself."

MADAM MAZO.

**EDITOR FREEDOM:**

The closing paragraph of my article in recent number of *FREEDOM*, needs a little explanation to save me from a false position.

I wrote: "I wish I felt as certain of my own personal power as I am of the fact that Mental Science is destined to be the only great *power* on earth for the relief of all disease and unhappiness," etc.

The word "power" was badly chosen. Mental Science is not so much a "power" as the application of power, for relief of sickness and unhappiness. What I mean to express was that Mental Science is destined to become the only great *system of treatment* on earth for disease and misery.

The real "power" which underlies all treatments, and all sources of happiness I did not refer to; because that would be expressing my personal religious opinions, with which I don't think it necessary to trouble the readers of *FREEDOM*.

I am sorry I expressed myself so equivocally, and ask that you will publish this explanation.

Yours,

J. EYPIEL.

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DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—I am getting along nicely; the fact is I don't see but what I am well. I am going to go a one after this month is up, for awhile at least, until something else breaks out, which I hope won't be another cancer.

J. B., Lyons, Kans.

DEAR FRIEND:—It is with pleasure I give in my report today. I am so much better I think; my aches and pains are a thing of the past. I helped daughter pick over three large beds of strawberries yesterday afternoon; picked two-thirds as many berries as she did, and did not feel the worse of the wear. Will pick again to-day. I feel all right every way now except my ears; I think I can hear a little in my right ear now. I will close this time and thank you for the good you have done me and will do in future.

R. W., Canon City, Colo.

DEAR GOOD FRIEND:—I am improving nicely; my old complaint is as if it was a thing of the past; I am where I don't have to give it a thought. I am now studying for the truth of being, and I will be pleased to have you stay with me till I find or recognize the I within.

W. W. P., Oakland, Calif.

DEAR FRIEND:—I am glad to tell you my heart trouble is very much better. I sleep well and have a good appetite, and am hopeful, and know I shall be entirely well some of these fine days. Yes, indeed, I shall stand by my guns. I know you are doing a great deal for me, and I am very grateful to you. I believe every word you tell me, because it is all so very reasonable.

R. L. C., Roseville, Ill.

DEAR FRIEND:—I feel that I am growing stronger every week. I was amused at myself today; I never sang a solo in public until about two months ago. Every time I sing alone I tremble like a leaf in the breeze. To day when I came to my bass solo I forgot to be afraid until I got to the last line when the same feeling came over me. I shall overcome that too before long.

B. H. D., Pittsfield, Maine.

DEAR FRIEND:—I am pleased to write that I am getting stronger and am feeling better. My cough also seems to be getting better, and I trust will continue to do so.

MRS. M. H., Waukon, Ia.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Here I come again asking forgiveness for delay in writing. You see I'm improving so much I forget you; isn't that human nature? I never forget my treatments though, and I feel like a new woman, only I have no appetite. That's good on my landlady, though, I guess.

A. McC., Henderson, Tenn.

DEAR MRS. WILMANS:—Your good letter of the 10th inst., was recently received and fully appreciated. Mary is feeling finely now, so well and full of vitality and good spirits! As I write I hear her singing while dressing for the office. She wants to take another month's treatment for beauty; enclosed please find money for that purpose. I should have written this earlier so that it could have reached you for the 21st, but the date escaped me; however she will go right on taking treatment. Your last letter was beautiful, and I read and re-read it. I hope to grow and become a true Mental Scientist in time, but I progress slowly; however, I have all eternity to grow in, and that is one comfort. Hoping for another of your encouraging letters soon.

Franklin,  
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